society, I came to the conclusion that

During the Exposition at Paris Mile.



R. Boulet

In Her Studio Costume. to them I had several weeks sae devoted to them I had several conversations with her. There was nothing in her manner to impress one with the idea that she was a remarkable woman. She had the air of an amiable country lady who had come to Paris to look about and to make a few purchases. She was invariably dressed in black. There was no attempt to produce an artistic effect by any trick of feminine

were paid to pose. Their vanity wa pleased with the sketches, but their attitud

oward her was one of cynical, good-natured ndifference. Sixty Thousand Dollars for a Picture,

tributes corresponding to their superior ex-teriors. The interest of the artist in the In-dians was specially stimulated by a princely commission of 300,000f. for a picture en-titled "The Buffalo Hunt," and she could not praise enough these "grand and stately nen, so calm, so dignified and so royally ndifferent in their majestic naturalness." I never had the heart to destroy any of the illusions concerning the noble red men as conceived by this great painter. She had works of Gustave Aimard, and the Sioux



the city for rest and experience in trout fishing caught several large eels in a lake fed by the brooks, says a writer in the New York Sun.

ENGINE HOUSE TALES.

How the Niagara Boys Reformed a Lazy Dog by Cutting Off His Tail.

Narrow Escapes and Daring Deeds of Captain

DEEP DIVING TO PREVENT A PIRE They appeared so dignified, so gracious and so easy that Mile. Bonheur was con-stantly breaking out into ejaculations of ad-

stantly breaking out into ejaculations of admiration.

"These," said she, "are real men. They are not the simpering, gossiping, bowing animal of to-day. These are grave, dignified, austere men with the perfectly simple manners which belong to the true children of nature. They remind me of the Frenchmen of the days of Charlemagne whom we read about. How have men degenerated under civilization in comparison with these noble specimens seated opposite me! No royal prince could have better manners and no king could be more 'dignified and more "The best story that I know," said Captain Brown, of the Ellsworth Company, Allegheny, as he settled himself back the old wooden rocker that is so dear to the hearts of the No. 8 boys, "the best story that I know is about a dog. Dog Jack, we used to call him. He was a remarkable

royal prince could have better manners and no king could be more 'dignified and more composed than Monsieur Rocky Bear."

She also admired to an extravagant degree the melancholy drooping lines of the interpreter's face. She said that he reminded her so much of the face of the ideal Don Quixote. I did not venture to translate any of these extravagant compliments after barely hinting to the interpreter what was being said. He was so annused at her idea of the Indians that he could hardly preserve his traditional gravity of countenance, and when I suggested to him that she was also an admirer of his features as a type of severe melancholy and majestic grace, he nearly swooned with embarcassment. He was far from being an heroic character, and he would have died of mortification if Mile. Bonheur's estimate of him could have been made known to his asso-"It was more than 30 years ago, in the days of Pittsburg's volunteer fire service, when Dog Jack lived. At that time I was a member of the old Nisgara Company, which was located on Penn avenue, near Fifteenth street. Of course in those days there were very few fires, and we had lots of time to loaf. One pastime consisted in the capture of stray dogs as they passed along the street and attach tin cans to their tails. Many a poor unsuspecting canine had been lured back into the rear of the building with kind words, only to find him-self the victim of a joke.

"One fine spring morning, I remember it well, several of us were sitting about chatwell, several of us were sitting about chatting, when a country hay wagon came rumbling down the avenue. Following along behind it was a dog, a big, spotted bull dog, the homliest, most forlorn looking animal I ever saw. The Niagara boys pricked up their ears and in a tew minutes the dog was enticed into the engine house. A tomato can was securely lastened to his tail and an effort made to get him started down the street. But the dog would not go. He was too lazy to move and sat there like a China dog. The can was then exchanged for a big

the engine house. But he was too lazy to remain there long. He rolled off the cellar door, fell down into the cellar and broke his

A Little Swim in the River.

the cupalo, seize the bell rope in his teeth

and pull. When the firemen dashed curi-

Jack after that. He was fed on the choicest foods and a handsome silver collar worth \$50 was bought for him. In but a single day Dog Jack had arisen from a despised,

lazy cur to the most important member of the company. The boys all loved Dog

"It was soon after this that the Civil War

broke out, and as almost all the Niagara members were recruited, we took Dog Jack

along with us to the army. He accompanied the gallant One Hundred and Second Penn-

sylvania Volunteers. He marched in the ranks by day and patroled with the picket

guards at night. Dog Jack loved music and he followed the band with great pride. In

the thickest of the fight he kept with the

regiment. He was present at the siege of Yorktown, the battle of Williamsburgh at

Fair Oaks and the battle of the Pines.
"At Malvern Hill he was wounded but pluckily crossed the Rappahannock with the regiment to Fredericksburg. At Salem Church he was captured by the enemy, but have been been proposed to the control of the cont

a lew days later was given in exchange for

a Confederate prisoner. During the regi-ment's sojourn in Frederick, Maryland,

Dog Jack mysteriously disappeared, caus-ing great sorrow among the soldiers. Whether he was slain or stolen is not

Captain Brown has a small photograph of Dog Jack which bears the dog's record as a

Fireman McDonald Spins a Yacn,

"The most ludierous engine house incident I ever witnessed," began Fireman McDonald, of Allegheny, in reply to a request for something funny, "occurred here just this spring. An old lumberman named Perry Thompson, from Clarion county, had come down the river on a raft of logs, which was anchored in the Herr's Island channel.

"While waiting to dispose of the lumber, Perry thought he would take a look at the sights around the city. As he was passing down River avenue one day he dropped in

down River avenue one day he dropped in here to see the engine house.

"Pete Zeitler, one of the firemen, con-ducted the rustic yisitor through the build-

mber of the Union army.

known.

prairies, its high mountains and the free life of the West. She had longed to study close at hand the gracious and simple types of our children of nature.

Compliments in Pantomime

One of the interesting events of the break-

They Completely Captured Ross.

A Fen Fieture of the Artist.

At the close of the breakfast she bade the Indians adieu with almost affection. Standing in the light of a warm midday sun, her slight, almost fragile figure afforded a striking contrast to the blanket draped, stalwart forms of the Indians. Her costume was a strange combination of the dress of the two sexes. She was entirely in black. Her skirt was made of a comfortable walking length. Over this she wore aloose, slightly fitted coat of the same material trimmed with a broad black braid and falling away from a rather long, mannish looking vest. In the buttonhole of her vest was fastened a man's gold watch chain, and the watch at the end was larger than the watch usually carried by a lady.

Perched upon her short gray hair was a very plain black bonnet of the shape usually worn by old ladies. A veil fell away from the top of this bonnet over her right shoul-A Pen Picture of the Artist.

ly adornments, would suggest those of a re-fined, self-contained, dignified man. T. C. CRAWFORD. overcome with surprise were they upon reaching the fire, for there among the spec-tators was our dog! Yes, with ears and tail all bloody! We could hardly believe our

THE FEAT OF TWO BIRDS

Directly Upward Flight in a. Twenty-Foo Smoke Stack a Foot in Diameter A friend of THE DISPATCH at Bradford sends the following story of the perfor-

and 12 inches in diameter. One of the boilers is fired up and in constant use; the other not in use. A few days ago, two "flickers" or yellow hammers, a species of woodpecker, in their flight passed directly over the heated stack. One of the birds, becoming faint by the heated gases, fell down to the bottom of the unused stack, where, almost frightened to death, it made frantic efforts to escape. The other yellow hammer soon noticed that it had lost its mate, immediately turned in its course and circled over the stacks. Hearing the fluttering of its mate in the bottom of the stack, it plunged down into the dark, sooty abyes to the res-cue. In another moment it again emerged from the pipe closely followed by the other, and both joyously pursued their way. It must have been a remarkable feat, for the birds had to fly directly upward 20 feet in a tube only a foot in diameter.

A well-known lawyer while away from

There was a settled conviction between

has forsworn eels, never having recovered from the torture of holding the slippery squirmer during the interminable half hour of his attempt to accomplish the impossible.

A REMARKABLE TIMEPIECE

In the foreground plum and cherry trees and rich plants appear in bloom; in the rear is seen a hill, from which flows a cascade, admirably imitated in crystal. From this point a thread-like stream meanders, en-circling rocks and islands in its windings, and finally losing itself in a stretch of wood-land. In a ministure sky a golden sun turns on silver wire, striking the honrs on silver gongs as it passes. Each hour is marked by a creeping tortoise. A bird of

on his countenance. 'Yes, indeed. You see, I am the champion rope climber of the district up there, and whenever there are any perilous heights to be climbed or derricks to be mounted, or anything that requires nerve or skill in the climbing line, they always send for me. If you don't mind, boys, I'd just like to try that blamed pole once.' A Lumberman on a Pole.

"Permission was granted and Perry mounted the winding stair to the second floor. He first removed his coat and hat and after he had urged the firemen all to pay close attention lest they miss some pointers, he wrapped his legs around the pole and whist!!!

"The big lumberman had made the descent! It only took a fraction of a second for those 200 pounds of humanity to drop. He fell like a pile driver and shook the building so that old Bob, the hose carriage horse, startled anxiously from his morning nap.

morning nap.

"Luckily the cushion was in its place at the bottom of the pole, or the champion rope climber of Clarion county would in all probability have broken his neck. As it was he was knocked senseless and jarred so hard that he had to be rubbed with arnica. When he recovered his senses we assisted him to his shanty or the raft, where he was confined for several days, unable to walk without a pair of crutches.

without a pair of crutches.

"Before Perry went home he called around to see us and get a final look at that blasted lightning rod." The next time he comes to towir Perry says he is going to treat the No. 8 firemen if it takes \$25."

Fireman Gate Tells a Story. "Many of our Pittsburg and Allegheny firemen can relate thrilling tales of adventure and miraculous escapes from instant death, while battling with fire, but none can excel the record of George W. King, Captain of Engine Company No. 3, Pittsburg, said Fireman Gale the other day. "Some of the boys think the Captain bears a charmed

"When quite young Mr. King began his career as a fireman. During his apprentice-ship several fierce fires occurred, at which his conduct won him the reputation of a fearless and daring fireman. One of these fires was the memorable confectioner's con-flagration on Smithfield street, in the year 1868, at which seven young women lost their lives. The boy fireman, King, was the first to enter the building and attempt the rescue of the unfortunate inmares. He succeeded in carrying three of them out, but they were suffocated by the smoke before the street was reached.

"In the year 1870 he was in the three-day "In the year 1870 he was in the three-day fight with the Standard Oil fire at the Sharpsburg bridge. At the riot fires of 1877 he was on duty for three consecutive days without rest. While St. Philomena's Church was burning one of the malicious rioters cut the hose with a dagger. King saw the act and promptly knocked him down, taking the man's weapon from him. The dagger, which was attached to a cane, was presented to william Moore Fire Comwas presented to William Moore, Fire Com-missioner at that time, who still retains it

as a memento of the great riot. Rolling Down a Steep Roof.

"In the year 1880 King had one of his narrowest escapes from death. A fire had broken out in Wilson's commission house, at the corner of Garrison alley and Liberty street. King was working on the steep roof, when some of the firemen accidentally furned a stream of water on him. The force of the blow caused him to lose his balance, and like a log he started to roll down the roof toward destruction. The spectators below closed their eyes and waited in horror for the man to be dashed to death on the pavement. But King's time had not come. Just as he was plunging over the edge he caught the rain spout, and, clutching it with both hands, held on for dear life. A rope was passed down to him, and, grasping it, he was safely drawn up on to the roof. "At the First National Bank fire in 1887, Fireman King had a very close call. He was on the top of an 80-foot ladder when was on the top of an 80-loot ladder when the roof and cornice of the building gave

way. In its descent the great mass just, grazed his head and tell crashing to one was brought out from his corner and his ears and tail artistically trimmed with the new axes. Barely had we finished the work when an alarm of fire came in from Allegheny. We did service on the Northside also in those days. Well, we dropped everything, of course, and, seizing the hose cart, were off for Allegheny. The fire fortunately did not amount to much. If it had our boys would have been next to useless so overcome with surprise were they upon ground below. Shortly after this, at a fire in Clark's bakery on Seventh avenue, King, blinded by the smoke, fell 25 feet down a pair of stairs, injuring himself so that he had to lay off duty for several months. Weighted Down With Ice. "At the Fleishman fire, on Market street, in the year 1888, King experienced another and King, with a fireman named Evan Pugh, were on the roof. Streams of water were playing in all directions, throwing were playing in all directions, throwing mist on the two men which froze on their clothing, converting them into living icicles. The roof upon which they stood began to sink. They were so encumbered with ice that they could barely flee for their lives, but they succeeded in reaching the walls just as the roof went down. They were then rescued with ropes and ladders. "During the floods of 1888 a break was "During the floods of 1888 a break was caused in the gas main of the Philadelphia.

"During the floods of 188S a break was caused in the gas main of the Philadelphia Company, which crosses the Monongahela river at Soho. The escaping gas, becoming ignited, set fire to the Keystone mills. The fire department was called, but it was found that unless the flow of gas was stopped the work of the firemen would be useless. The stopcock was buried ten feet under the flood, and all attempts to reach it with a pole from a boat were fruitless. The fate of the big mill seemed evident. But Fireof the big mill seemed evident. But Fire-man King saved the day. After a moment of thought he directed the men to turn several streams of water on the burning gas which arose from the river's surface, and then seizing the wrench firmly in his hand he disappeared in the muddy water. Sev-eral times he had to rise to the surface to ously in a few moments later they beheld a man rushing frantically about the room while Dog Jack tugged away at the bell breathe, but each time he returned until the stopcock had been securely shut off. And that is how Captain King got his name of "Too much could not be done for Dog Captain King is now 44 years of age, and is still as active as ever. JOHN L. HIGH.

> HEBREW LANGUAGE NOT A DEAD ONE Books and Masterpleces of Modern Author

> Printed Everywhere. "Hebrew," says an enthusiast in that anguage, "can no longer, with propriety, be called a dead language. It has a modern literature. Books are being written in the ancient language of the Bible to-day as they never were before, and they include philosophical, poetical, historical and scientific works, as well as a goodly number A great many masterpieces of modern

authors have been translated into Hebrer There are a number of newspapers, weekli translated into Hebrew. and monthlies in that language. It has been rejuvenated, and the new books have the same ring as the ancient ones.'



ing, answering his questions and explaining the apparatus. When just about to leave, Perry's inquisitive eye discovered the pole down which we slide at night.

"'What's that for?' he asked. "Oh, that is a time saving arrangement that we use when there are midnight "The pole was explained to Perry and he seemed greatly tickled over the idea. "Why, it reminds me of old times up in variant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Bocanies others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. E. G. BOOT, M. C., 188 Fearl St., M. T.

to try to persuade Miriam to yield to her tried to revive Dare, and applied his stethbeart. Presently, however, Dare regained consciousness, but a look of desperate pain came into his eyes, and a great restlessness "My dear," he said, "please do not distress yourself thus. You must know that both your mother and myself are only acting for your good. And there are reasons— grave reasons, as you know, why your mar-riage should not be deterred. Your mother seemed to possess him.

"How long shall I have to lie here, doctor?" he asked presently.

"It doesn't look like your being able to has already invited your sister and her hus-band, and after the unfortunate event that

leave your bed soon, my man, when you turn faint like that," answered the doctor.

"I should be better up," said Dare, rest lessly; "I cannot lie thinking here."

He spoke as though his thoughts were an intolerable burden, and Dr. Reed felt sorry

Dr. Reed hazarded this remark, because

his curiosity about the connection between
Miss Clyde and the man was very great; but
Dare instantly rejected the suggestion.
"No, sir, I beg you will not ask her," he

said quickly.
"But why? She saved your life, or some-

thing very like it."
"Would to God she had left me to die,"

muttered Dare darkly.

"Come, you must not be so desponding as all that. Of one thing I am sure, Miss Clyde has a great interest in you, and I fancy you knew her when you were in a very different position to your present one."

Dare did not speak; he moved uneasily

Dare hesitated.

occurred there-"Oh! do not speak of it! do not speak of it!" cried Miriam excitedly, covering her face with her hands. "Is it not enough always to think of it, always to see it, without it being spoken of now?"
Colonel Clyde was both unmistakably shocked and startled by his daughter's words. He thought, too, that he now understood the reason of Mariam's unwillingness

stood the reason of Mariam's unwillingness to marry at the time her mother had settled, and he thought also it would be wise to leave the poor girl alone.

"Well, do not excite yourself, or you will be ill," he said; "I will talk to your mother about it again, and for the present we had best say nothing more;" and with these words he left the room and went downstairs, and rejoined his wife with a very grave face.

grave face.

Mrs. Clyde looked eagerly at him as he

entered the library.

"Have you seen her?" she asked.

"Yes. and Miriam (Mrs. Clyde was also Miriam), I don't like the child's looks.

She was crying bitterly when I went into her room, and got exceedingly excited when I alluded to that unhappy affair about young Conray. I am afraid she must have been more attached to him than we supposed, for she said she was always thinking of it."

"And yet she never spoke of it to me in "I fear she has thought of it, though. I do not think I should urge her any more about an immediate marriage. I think her mind is over-wrought at present, and that

she ought to be kept quiet."
"It is annoying and disappointing."
"No doubt it is. Well, we can see how she is in a day or two, and then perhaps she may be more reasonable."

Mrs. Clyde felt extremely annoyed and disconcerted. And yet more so at dinner time when Miriam sent down a message that she had a headache, and could not appear. Ford brought down the message, and added: "Miss Miriam looks very ill, ma'am, and

asked me just to take her up a cup of tea, as she said she could not eat anything." And Miriam telt really ill. The strain and anxiety of the last few days had been too much for her, and though her mother was too angry with her to go up to inquire how she felt, yet when she did not appear on the following morning at breakfast she thought it her duly to do so, and was shocked when she saw her daughter's face. It was white and drawn, but on both cheeks, especially on one was an ominous searlet flush, and her eyes also were heavy

and blue-rimmed.
"Miriam, are you not well?" asked Mrs. Clyde, anxiously.
"No, mother," said Miriam, who was still in bed. "I have such a headache; at least, my head teels so heavy, and I feel so

Mrs. Clyde stretched out her cool white hand and took Miriam's hot and burning one.
"My dear, you are feverish," she said,
now laying her hand on Miriam's aching,
throbbing brow. "You must lie in bed, and
I will send for the doctor." "It will pass off, I daresay, mother; only I feel so tired. 'It is best to be on the safe side; I think

you have taken a feverish cold." "Yes, mother."
"I will send Ford up with some tes, and tell her to put your room straight. Now let me shake your pillow for you. There,

"Yes, thank you, mother." Upon this Mrs. Clyde went downstairs and told her husband she was afraid Miriam

was really ill.
"She looks feverish, and we must have a doctor at once. What a pity Dr. Wells is away on leave, as there is only Dr. Reed, and I searcely like having an unmarried man for a girl, but it cannot be helped." "Reed's a very nice fellow, and a clever fellow too; I'll send Banks for him at once; I feel rather uneasy about Miriam," an-swered Colonel Clyde, rising from the breakfast table and ringing the bell.

Thus Dr. Reed was sent for, and arrived in about a quarter of an hour at the Com.

dant's house. Mrs. Clydereceived him in her usual gracious fashion. "Pardon us for sending for you at such an early hour, and in such haste," she said, "but I am sorry to say my daughter is ill; I think she has got a feverish cold."

"I am very sorry to hear that, but I hope will be nothing serious," replied Dr. So Mrs. Clyde took him upstairs to

Mirism's room, and as he entered it Ford's quick blue eyes perceived that the invalid's face flushed painfully and her hands trembled, and therefore Ford concluded that her former suspicions were correct, and that Miriam had a secret fancy for Dr. And the doctor himself regarded Miriam

curiously as well as medically. It was not a cold, he said, but she was feverish, and he made as light of the attack as possible while he was in Miriam's room, but afte be went downstairs again with Mrs. Clyde he spoke of it more seriously. "It is nervous fever, or something like

it." he said. Has Miss Clyde had anything to agitate her lately?"
Colonel Clyde looked at his wife anxiously as the doctor said this, but Mrs. Clyde

answered glibly enough: "Oh, no; she has never been quite well though, I think, since that affair on the sands when the soldier was shot. The strain on her nerves was too great, I sup-pose. By the by, how is that poor man?" "Going on very well," answered the doe-tor quietly, thinking all the time that he quite understood the reason for Miss Clyde's nervous breakdown. He, however, of course, gave no hint of this, but ordered that she was to be kept perfectly quiet, and said he would see her again in the evening.

"There—is no danger, I hope?" asked Colonel Clyde, nervously pulling at his gray mustache.

"Oh, no; but these things sometimes run on, and therefore nothing must be said before Miss Clyde to agitate her in

any way."
Mrs. Clyde at this moment in spite of her ordinary calmness felt decidedly uncom-fortable, and Colonei Clyde decidedly uneasy. But neither parent spoke, and even after the doctor was gone very little was

"You had best write to Joan, and tell her Miriam is ill, I think," said the Colonel at Yes, I think that will be best," replied

Mrs. Cirde; and in the meantime Dr. Reed was meditatively wending his way to the hospital, and presently was standing by the bedside of the wounded soldier Dan Dare had improved rapidly, but was still weak, and the doctor after making his usual medical inquiries, said with affected "I have just been called in to see Miss

In a moment Dare's dark handsome face grew a dusky red. "She's got a sort of nervous fever," continued the doctor.

"I hope she is not very ill?" said Dare, huskily. "Not dangerously I trust." "And did she—but no—"
"Ask atter you?" said the doctor, with a

smile, who guessed the man's th

quivered beneath his dark mustache.

was in the room.

"No, she had no opportunity, for her mother

"She is engaged to be married you know," continued Dr. Reed, who was curi-

ous to see what effect his communication would have on Dare, who visibly started,

and his hand lying outside of the coverlet clenched nervously. "Yes," went on the doctor, "she is

gaged to a cavalry man, Sir James MacKen-

non; it's a good match they say for her."
Still Dare did not speak. He had grown

white to the very lips, and the doctor noticed that a cold dew broke out on his

gasping sigh the soldier fainted.

Dr. Reed, who was kind-hearted, if curi-

Dare moved uneasily, and his

"Oh, nothing very serious. I told him you were ill, which seemed to distress him

very much,"
"Poor tellow," murmured Miriam in moment in a more earnest voice, "when will he be well enough to go out; to—to leave the hospital?"
"It will be a week or more yet, I am afraid." low tone. "Doctor," she said the next

white to the very lips, and the doctor noticed that a cold dew broke out on his brow, and the next minute with a kind of gasping sigh the soldier fainted.

Dr. Reed, who was kind-hearted, if curious, now felt really concerned. He hastily

table standing by Miriam's bed, and then said, with one of her beguiling smiles, and with a glance of her blue eyes at the doctor: "Perhaps Dr. Reed would kindly ring the bell, Miss Miriam, when you want "Very well," answered Miriam, whose mind was too much occupied with other to notice Ford's little by-play, and Ford

accordingly vanished.

"I feel sorry, you know, Miss Clyde, for Dare," continued Dr. Reed, as Ford disappeared; "he's been born a gentleman, I am certain, every attitude tells you that, and the poor fellow seems so restless and unhappy." unhappy."

Miriam did not speak. She was afraid to

"I will get you some books to amuse yourselt with," he said kindly, "and that will help to make the time seem shorter. speak, but her bosom heaved, and her hands trembled with emotion.

"I have lent him some books, and he seems very grateful for my kindness," went "I once was," answered Dare, gloomily.
"I suppose that was before you were a soldier?" asked Dr. Reed. on the doct "Yes," he said, after a moment's thought.
"Well, I'll get you some books; I dare
sy Miss Clyde will lend me some for you."

on the doctor.

"Has—has he everything?" asked Miriam, with downcast eyes and faltering lipa. "I mean—everything he requires?"

"In a rough way, yes; but, of course—"

"Doctor," interrupted Miriam, as Dr. Reed paused; "I—I trusted you when I sent the few words I wrote to him, and I am going to trust you again. Will you get him everything he wants, and I will pay him everything he wants, and I will pay for it? I—I knew him long ago—knew about him, and—and—though no one must know that I ever saw him before, please re-member—no one, doctor; still I cannot

Miriam was greatly agitated as she said this, and the young doctor took her trem-bling hand in kindly fashion. "You must not agitate yourself," he said; "and you may entirely trust me. I knew, of course, that you must have known him before, when he asked me to carry that little note to you after the accident. And as for anything he requires he shall have it, though of course it is all nonsense about



HOW IS THE SOLDIER WHO WAS SHOT?

A look of eager interest passed over Dare's face.

"And she is ill?" he said.

"Yes, a sort of nervous break-down. I fancy she's been terribly upset by something."

thing."

Again Dare sighed.

"Doctor—" he began, and then he paused, "will you tell me—it is—a great favor I am going to ask—but will you tell me how she is, day by day?"

"Yes," answered Dr. Reed slowly. "That man has been her lover." he was thinking: "is in love with her still. Poor fellow, no doubt he was her equal once."

"I will send you some books of my own," he said, and then he turned away wondering what romance lay hidden beneath the soldier's rough red coat.

soldier's rough red coat. CHAPTER VIII.

Sir James MacKennon was greatly con-cerned when he heard of Miriam's illness, though Mrs. Clyde made as light of it as possible.
"She has a bad feverish cold, and has to remain in bed for a few days," she told him, when he called expecting to see Miriam during the afternoon of the same day that Dr. Reed was called in to attend upon her.

MIRIAM'S LETTER.

"I am very sorry, extremely sorry," said Sir James, uneasily. "I—hope, Mrs. Clyde—that nothing has worried her?" "You mean was I very angry with her for wishing to defer her marriage for a month?" answered Mrs. Clyde, smiling. "Well, I was angry with her, and with you too, Sir

James, for giving way to her girlish folly.

But Colonei Clyde was quite delighted I
believe at the chance of having his daughter a month longer with him, and by no
means took my advice on the subject;" and again Mrs. Clyde smiled. Mrs. Clyde said this because she believed now that Miriam was not well enough, at present, to be lectured any more on the sub-

ject of her marriage.

"Let the child get well before you say
anything more to her," Colonel Clyde had
said to his wife after the doctor's visit. "You see Reed says she must not be excited and she certainly was very much excited when I saw her."

Thus Mrs. Clyde was forced to yield, and like a wise woman she made the best of it. But Sir James felt still uneasy as to the real cause of Miriam's illness. He asked many questions, and when he returned to Helstone, he dispatched the best flowers he could find to her, and wrote for some to l game, and when his offerings arrived at the Commandant's house on the following day, Mrs. Clyde took them up (the flowers and truit) to her daughter's room with a smile. "See what it is to be engaged to a rich and generous man," she said, pleasantly.

"Are not the flowers levely? And the fruit is splendid!" "It is very "kind of him," answered "It is very "kind of him," answered Miriam, gently, and she suppressed a sigh. "He is a nice fellow, and as I have often told you, you are a lucky girl. Well, I think you look a little better to-day, my think you look a little better to-day, my dear, and so I hope in a few days you will be able to thank Sir James himself for all

But Dr. Reed still considered Miriam feverish, and impressed upon her mother that she was to be kept very quiet. And it chanced while the doctor was in Miriam's room that Mrs. Clyde was called downstairs

on some household business which could not be delayed.

"Will you excuse me? I will return in a moment or two," she said to the doctor.

"Miriam, my dear, I will send Ford up to you with your beef tea;" for Mrs. Clyde considered Dr. Reed too young a man to be left alone with her daughter. But for a moment or two they were alone, ann then with a sudden blush and in a

tremulous voice Miriam inquired after the "How is the-the soldier-who was shot, Dr. Reed?" she said. "He is getting on very well, though he had a sort of fainting fit yesterday," answered Dr. Réed, interestel.
"A fainting fit?" echoed Miriam, and her

"A week or more," repeated Miriam, thoughtfully.
"Yes, I think so; but I dare say he may

your paying for it. I've only got to order "Oh! but I should like to do something."

said poor Miriam eagerly. "It's dreadful to me to think of him lying there—when I know——" And she covered her face with er hand. "You know his history, of course?"

"Yes; but no one must suspect this, Dr. Reed. For his sake—for mine, no one must "Well, no one shall know from me."
"Thank you. I do not know how to
thank you enough. And there is another thing I want to ask: If it were necessary hat I should write a few lines to him, how hould I address him?" "You mean his name? I presume Dare i

an assumed one? ment would reach him. But if you mea write to him in the hospital you had better direct it to the hospital, or under cover to

"You are very good—I—I shall want to write a few words to him—but not just yet; till he is better." I will let you know how he goes on; and may I tell him what you have said?"

"Oh! I don't know," said Miriam, as if frightened; "I am so afraid that anyone might hear—that anyone might suspect. Oh! Dr. Reed, my position is so difficult—I cannot even tell you all—can tell no one, and

vet I trust von. "You have told me enough to make me very sorry for you both. And if there is anything I can do to help you, please ask

"I am very grateful-tell him that-"I will change this mixture, I think," said the doctor, suddenly assuming his pro-fessional tone and manner and taking up a medicine bottle standing on the table, for his quick ears had caught the sound of Mrs. Clyde's returning footsteps, and the next moment she opened the door and entered the room. "I was just saying to Miss Clyde," he continued, "that I will change her medicine to-day, and she must promise

"I will see to that," said Mra. Clyde, with a smile. "But how is this, my dear? You have not taken your beef tea and it has got almost cold."

"I like it best cold, mother, I think," said Miriam with embarrassment.
"Oh, well, it can be heated again if it is too cold. Are these grapes not splendid, Dr. Reed?" continued Mrs. Clyde, pointing to a basket of beautiful grapes which had been sent by Sir James MacKennon. "As

I tell Mirism, she is a lucky girl to have such presents sent to her." "They are very fine grapes indeed," answered Dr. Reed. "Do have some, Doctor," said Miriam, with a quick and sudden blush, which her nother noticed.

He took one or two, and saw by the wist-

ful look in Miriam's soft, dark eyes that she was thinking of someone else—of the poor fellow lying in the hospital without luxuries of any kind. At least so he understood the pathetic glance—pathetic and trustful, and the young doctor felt very much inclined at this moment to fall in love with her himself.

But Mrs. Clyde took good care that dur-ing the next few days Miriam had no more private interviews with Dr. Reed. She was always by her daughter's side, and Miriam therefore heard nothing more of the wounded soldier. Then she was allowed to go downstairs once more, and Sir James came full of joy at her recovery and tull of appiness at seeing her again.

And Miriam, pale, fair and delicate, sat with her hand clasped in her lover's, listening sadly to his words of tenderness and love. It was unjust to him, she told herself; unjust to his honest, noble heart to deceive him as she was forced to do.

"Oh! if I could only tell him all," she

sometimes would murmur to herself after these interviews. "But I cannot, I dare these interviews. "But I cannot, I dare not—no one must ever know."

And so time passed on; Miriam had been ill up stairs more than a week, and then another week glided away, when she saw SipJames, but was still considered an invalid. Three more weeks indeed elapsed, and it only wanted one week to the time which Mrs. Clyde had originally fixed on as Miriam's wedding day, and but five weeks to the time Miriam had finally consented to be married, and therefore Mrs. Clyde felt that it behoved her once more to bestir her.

Conray, to tell her the wedding had been deferred a month on account of Miriam's illness, and invited the General and Joan again to be present at the ceremony. To this letter Mrs. Conray replied accepting her mother's invitation and regretting greatly to hear that Miriam was ill. And ahe wrote also to Miriam—a guarded, though [To Be Continue Next Sunday Copyright, 1892, by Dors Russell.]

affectionate letter, and this letter Miriam received and read through with a weary

sigh.

"Poor Joan! poor Joan! she has cost me very dear," she was thinking, as she held her sister's letter in her hand. Mrs. Clyde asked to see the letter and thought it was a nice letter, though somewhat lachrymose.

"That is the worst of Joan," she said to Miriam, smiling; "she always looks on the dark side of everything; from her letter anyone would think you had been dangerously ill and not suffering from a slight ailment."

ously ill and not sunding
ailment."

"Yes," said Miriam, absently.

"I wonder what she will wear at the
wedding?" continued Mrs. Clyde. "I
think, Miriam, we ought not put off going
to town longer than we can help now; we
must begin to prepare quite a month before Miriam did not speak.

"It just wants five weeks to-day to your wedding day, and I've written for various patterns from town—I wrote yesterday, and I expect they will arrive to-morrow." But Miriam, to Mrs. Clyde's great annoyance, did not look interested. She sat with eyes cast down and her hands clasped, and when her mother left her, with a certain uneasiness at heart she could not suppress, again Miriam sighed wearily.

"Five weeks!" she reflected, thinking of her mother's words; "just five weeks—then he must know. I must warm him, cost

what it may."

She went upstairs to her bedroom after this, and having locked the door, she sat down to write a letter in haste and secrecy. "Hugh, dear Hugh," she penned with a trembling hand, "I must see you; are you well enough to see me now? I am going away from here soon, and I must see you before I go. If you are well enough, will you go out to-morrow night on the west rampart at the back of our house about 11 o'clock? I will use the old signal if I am able to come, and at 11 o'clock will place a what it may." able to come, and at 11 o'clock will place a lighted candle in my bedroom window, which is at the back of the house. If this light is extinguished, you will know it is impossiextinguished, you will know it is impossible for me to see you that night; but come the next, if this is so. I will inclose this to Dr. Reed; and if you ask him I am sure he will give you leave to go out; and when you reply to this, address it to my maid, Ford. If you are able and well enough to meet meet instance, it will be there and to the contract of the contr meet me, just write 'I will be there,' and I shall understand. If you are not well enough, write 'Not well enough;' but I must see you before I go. "M."

This letter she inclosed in one to Dr. Reed, and addressed it to Private Dare, and wrote also the power of his regiment. and wrote also the name of his regiment. And then, in a few guarded words, she asked Dr. Reed to deliver it, and thanked him for all his kindness. She sealed the letter to Dr. Reed, and then was again

compelled to intrust her letter to Ford.
She therefore rang for her, and Ford soon appeared in her usual sprightly fashion.
"Ford, I want you to post another letter for me," she said, nervously.
"To Dr. Reed?" smiled Ford. "Yes," answered Miriam with a sudden blush, "and—and—Ford, when the an-swer comes it will be addressed to you, and will you bring it to me quietly and at

"Of course, Miss Miriam," said Ford, de-Now intrigue was dear to the soul of Ford, but still that wily damsel considered it was not quite prudent for Miss Miriam to be writing to the doctor when she (Ford) had just been discussing the future Lady MacKennon's wedding dress with Mrs. Clyde. It was "too committing," Ford thought, but still, it was Miss Miriam's attain you here and it would cartainly given there and it would cartainly given. fair, not hers, and it would certainly give her (Ford) a certain influence and power over the tuture Lady MacKennon.

"And I have to bring the answer to you, Miss Miriam?" she said after a moment's consideration. "But how shall I know the

"Do you get many?" asked Miriam "I do get letters sometimes."
"Let me see the addresses of those you

get during the next few days, and—and I will know the handwriting on the one that is for me," said Miriam.
"Yes, that will be best. Oh, yes, I can quite manage that, and if you will give me the letter you want posted now, Miss Miriam, I'll just slip out with it while you are at dinner, as I did the last time."

"Thank you very much," said Miriam, and the letter was at once transferred to Ford's handy pocket, but Miriam was so of the day that more than once Mrs. Clyde

looked at her with some anxiety.

Ford duly posted the letter, and it was delivered to Dr. Reed on the following morning, who carried it with him to the hospital, and he then placed the inclosure for Dare in his hand. The soldier, who was up, slightly started and bit his lips as he recognized the handwriting.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, as he opened the envelope, and the doctor turned away to allow him to read the letter in private. But when he glanced at him again he saw

that Dare was greatly agitated. His face had paled and his hands trembled, and he was nervously gnawing his under lip, be-neath the heavy moustache that shaded it. "Sir," he began, addressing the doctor, "would you give me leave to quit the hos-vital to day?" nital to-day "To-day?" repeated Dr. Reed, in sur-Yes, to-day; I want to be out for a short

"What do you call late?" "From 11 to 12." The doctor stared at him almost increduously.
"And do you mean to say that the young lady wishes this?" "I cannot tell you, sir; please do not ask me-but, but-the young lady says in this letter that if I am well enough she is sure

that you will give me leave to go out?"

"At 11 o'clock at night? You are well
enough I dare say, but I wish some trouble
may not come to the young lady about "God knows trouble enough has come to "God knows trouble enough has come to her already!" said Dare, impetuously. "Oh! do give me leave, sir—there are strong reasons I am sure that I should go."

The doctor was allent for a moment or two, then he said slowly:

"Well, I will give you leave, but you had better make some excuse—say some rela-

better make some excuse-say some relation has come to the place you are going to "Very well, sir, and thank you very much—this must all seem very strange to you, doctor, but—I cannot explain it."
"Of course you cannot. You knew the young lady in different circumstances, and she is generous enough not to forget this;

but you must be very careful for her sake."
"I will try to be, sir."
The doctor then gave Dare leave to quit the hospital, and lett, whistling softly to

"Poor Sir James 'MacKennon!" he was thinking, as he had thought before; "poo Sir James!" He began to think also, could Mirian Clyde intend to elope with the soldier? That they had been and were lovers he was sure, but if she were going out at 11 o'clock at night to meet him, if she intended to marry Sir James MacKennon, it was in-eredible folly. Dr. Ræd finally came to the conclusion that she did not intend to marry Sir James, but to run away with

Private Dare! "Mrs. Clyde will go mad—absolutely mad," he reflected; "but I'll never believe that a modest girl, a proud girl, like Mi-riam Clyde, would go out at night to meet one man if she meant to marry another."

Dare in the meantime had written the few lines that Miriam had asked him to write if he were able to keep the tryst, and addressed them to Miss Ford, at the Com-

addressed them to Miss Ford, at the Com-mandant's house.

'I will be there," he wrote, and nothing more. These lines he posted, but they were not delivered at Colonel Clyde's house until 5 o'clock in the day. In the meantime Miriam spent hours of restless anxiety, and Ford was on the tip-toe of ex-pectation and excitement. Every time the anxiety, and Ford was on the tip-toe of ex-pectation and excitement. Every time the front door bell rang she rushed to see who it was, and she filled the heart of Banks, the soldier house servant, with delusive hopes, as he imagined, poor fellow, she was running after him.

At last she was rewarded, and Banks placed Dare's letter jealously in her hand.

[To Be Continue Next Sunday.]

her friends were upon the opposite side. I sat at her left, and translated to her the flowery phraseology of the Indians imparted through the interpreter, who in turn translated into the Indian tongue the questions and remarks of the artist after 1 had rendered them in English. The Indians were a constant source of study to the artist. Rocky Bear watched carefully the movements of everyone, and used his knife and fork with perfect correctness. A glance told him anything that he wished to know concerning table etiquette, while Red Shirthad in his previous visits to Europe acquired a very correct knowledge of what constituted good table manners.

They Completely Captured Ross. ROSA AND THE REDS. The Famous Bonheur Went Into

SHE TOOK TWO TO BREAKFAST. Their Grunts Ethereal Music to Her and

Ecstasies Over the Indians.

EXTRAVAGANT IN HER COMPLIMENTS

Their Natures Sublime.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Naturally I have always been a grea admirer of Ross Bonheur. Her name has been familiar to me from childhood. When I had the opportunity of meeting her some two years ago in Paris I ran over in my mind what I had read and heard of her to try to form some idea of her personality. Recalling the stories of her partiality for masculine apparel and her aversion to should not find her exactly an agreeable

sort of woman. When I came to meet her I found her s gentle and refined, so dignified, so natural and with such perfectly simple manners that she gave me instantly the idea of a great lady whose intellectual character was o predominant as to make one forget the mere conventionalities of dress. I met her in Paris, where she wears practically the costume of her sex. It is only in her studio and her chateau at Fontainebleau that she wears the dress of a man, because of its greater freedom.

An Amiable Country Lady. Bonheur came to the city to make some



studies of the American Indians there exhibiting at Neuilly. Mlle. Bonheur came to me for assistance in making these studies, and during the several weeks she devoted

She always came to the Indian camp ac companied by a Parisian picture dealer, who danced about the painter, obeying her slightest gesture and never presuming for a moment to place himself upon anything approaching an equality with her. It was difficult to make the Indians understand at first the teasons for showing her any defer-ence. They posed for her because they

It was but natural that Mile. Bonheus should be much interested in the Indians. They were so solemn, so dignified, so grace-ful in their bearings and so indifferent withal that the imaginative artist clothed them with intellectual and spiritual at-

In Her Partitan Dress ype seen in Paris fully realized, as she saw them, the ideals of her early readings. To do the Indian justice, they played their parts well when they learned what was wanted of them. Men who were thieves by nature, who would rather beg than work any day, who had no conscientious scruples about taking human life, who were incapale of telling the truth even for pay-ir fact, almost without a single redeem tue, appeared before Mile. Bonheur as rare ypes of "nature's noblemen."

Invited Two Chiefs to Brenkfast, Her admiration culminated one morning an invitation to two of the Sioux chiefs, ocky Bear and Red Shirt, known to the Rocky Bear and Red Shirt, known to the Parislans as "L'Ours des Rochers" and "La Chemise Rouge," to a midday breakfast at one of the outdoor summer restaurants of the Bois de Boulogne. This breakfast was given by her as partial compensation to the two chiefs for their patience in posing in the foreground of several sketches. They brought with them their interpreter, who also had a special invitation. This interpreter was a fail hetchet fored man of the preter was a tall, hatchet faced man of the extreme Western type. Among the Indian extreme Western type. Among the Indians he was known as a squaw man on account of his having married an Indian woman. He spoke no French, but was thoroughly familiar with the language of the Indiana.

At this breakfast, which was served under a glass covered porch, the two Indians, with their interpreter, were ranged upon one side of the table, while the artist and several of

A CLARION LUMBERMAN ON A POLE.

George W. King, of No. 3.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1 dog and bears a record unequaled by any other fire dog in the United States.

A Country Dog Comes to Town.

could have been made known to his asso-ciates in the camp. They would have per-secuted him into an early grave with ridi-cule. fast was the carrying on of a conversation in the language of signs between the two Indian chiefs. This language is really very graceful, and the two chiefs never looked too lazy to move and sat there like a China dog. The can was then exchanged for a big dish pan, but the dog moved not. I do not believe a whole tin shop would have aroused that dog. He lazily crawled up on the dish pan and went to sleep. Kicks only made him change his position and swearing availed nothing.

"Unable to arouse him, we tossed him back into a corner and kept him as a curiosity. For several days ne lay around sleeping, when, one morning, one of the boys, taking pity on him, carried him out and put him on the cellar door in front of the engine house. But he was too lazy to graceful, and the two chiefs never looked more picturesque than when they were engaged in making the symbols of this mute but most expressive language. This made the most profound impression upon Mile. Bonheur. It was in this graceful pantomime that they pictured out for the artist a compliment truly Indian in character.

They said that she saw with the eyes of the Great Father the beauties of the world and through her art enabled the humbler ones to see the same thing. At least this is what the translator said their signs meant, and they possessed more gifts in the way of

and they possessed more gifts in the way of originating a compliment than the sluggish minded interpreter.

Mile. Bonheur spoke with regret that she had never been able to visit America. She had always been anxious to see its broad prayies its high mountains and the free The Boys Couldn't Shoot Him. "Owing to this mishap some one suggested a shooting match. We hauled the poor cripple back into the building and set him up on the dish pan for a target; but no

him up on the dish pan for a target; but no one had the heart to shoot the wretched looking object. Yank Jones' neart was touched, and he took the dog in charge, decorating the broken limb with splints and bandages. After a rest of several weeks he began to get over his tired feeling and walk around a little. We tried hard to get rid of him by administering some pretty severe treatment but, like a good many severe treatment but, like a good many other country visitors when they come to the city, he was bound to stay. We could neither scare nor drive him away.

'One day the company received some new fire axes. We were all standing around examining them when some one suggested that we trim up the dog. The poor fellow was brought out from his corner and his cars and tail estimated with the axes.

the top of this bonnet over her right shoul-der. Her face and head, free from woman-

"While returning home over the Six-teenth street bridge some of the boys picked up the dog and threw him over the railing into the river. That was the end of him, mance of two birds, of which he was an eyewe thought. But no, for when we arrived at the engine house there he was, sented on On one of our oil farms there are two boilers standing side by side, each with a a chair, awaiting our return. Not only that, but he was animated, wide awake and round iron smoke stack about 20 feet high looking as wise as a judge. A great change had suddenly taken place in the dog. His trimming and baptism had done him good. A name, Dog Jack, was immediately given im, for up to this time he went without a name, except haif a dozen or so that would not look well in print. "That same afternoon Dog Jack by a single act made himself a beloved hero. While all the firemen were out an excited citizen came rushing into the engine house yelling 'Fire!' Nobody was present but Dog Jack. But he knew what was wanted. It did not take him two seconds to rush into

THE ART OF SKINNING BELS.

A Well-Known Lawyer Vanquished After Working Half an tiour.

himself and his professional brother, who was sharing the outing, that eels to be edible must be skinned, and that the process was easy. The younger man began his work in the orthodox way, at the head, when his learned brother protested, saying "the right way is to begin at the tail." He was challenged to prove it, as a bet was de-clared and the members of the household where they were boarding at the lakeside were called out to witness the operation. were called out to witness the operation.

The elder man was short and portly, and found the skinning "not so easy as it used to be." After working laboriously for half an hour with one eel, and making no progress, he unwillingly declared himself vanquished, although he insisted that, as a boy, he always skinned eels from the tail. He

A Japanese Clock Which Contains Many Wonderful and Interestin; Featurer. Japan possesses a remarkable timepiece. It is contained in a frame three feet wide and five feet long, representing a noonday

exquisite plumage warbles at the close of the hour, and, as the song cesses, a mouse sallies forth from a neighboring grotto, and scampering over the hill to the garden is soon lost to view.

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